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Week of
October 28, 1940

Critics' THEATRE REVIEWS

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* *Asterisks indicate shows scheduled to play during the week of October 28, 1940.*
† *"Cabin in the Sky" opened last Friday, October 25th, at the Martin Beck Theatre.*
† *"'Tis of Thee" opened last Saturday, October 26th, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre.*

THEATRE REVIEWS IS A COMPLETE GUIDE AND RECORD TO THE NEW YORK SHOWS

Critics' Theatre Reviews brings you each week the complete reviews as they originally appeared in these New York papers

New York Sun	New York Times
New York Post	New York Daily News
New York Herald Tribune	New York World-Telegram

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"'Tis of Thee"

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *October 28, 1940*

"'Tis of Thee" Staged At the Maxine Elliott

By JOHN MASON BROWN

OVER the week-ends at Unity House, Bushkill, Pa., the young people now appearing in "'Tis of Thee" doubtless seemed very amusing. There, under Nat Lichtman's direction, they gave intimate revues lasting an hour for the edification of the camp's patrons. Among friends, in such a relaxed atmosphere, it is easy to believe these hours passed pleasantly enough for all concerned.

But the country is not the city. From Horace right down to "George Washington Slept Here" the two have been more twain in their appeal than are east and west. Each develops its own entertainments, its own standards of entertainment. Carry a summer resort revue, produced in a neighborly straw hat spirit to professional Broadway in the fall, and in the transplanting what may once have been green and budding is apt to wither and die.

Certainly "'Tis of Thee" withered and died at the Maxine Elliott on Saturday night. Although the revue represented a collection of the best of a summer camp's theatrical diversions, little of it seemed good enough—in town—to justify the effort involved.

Members Only

Some of the performers are doubtless promising. Beatrice (of the team of Capello and Beatrice) is a dancer whose beauty is fresh and whose courage equals her grace. Laura Duncan is an attractive sepia singer whose ability is authentic. As a comedian Jerry Munson can win a laugh or two when he is mocking the languid precision of English speech or impersonating an Hawaiian chieftain. Mervyn Nelson and Sherle Hartt are on the threshold of a good idea when in pantomime they indicate vaudeville's routine ingredients.

Jane Hoffman has obviously won friends for her humor even if she has not yet acquired a professional touch. Esther Junger plainly likes to dance and has some good numbers in mind when she turns choreographer. And George Lloyd has so mastered the boyish and the arch that, while a few of us were being sorely embarrassed by his dithyramb to, and coy toyings with, a piece of string, there were those who showed by their vociferous applause that they did not mind his exhibition at all.

But the evening is a depressing one, characterized by bad sketches that get nowhere and by an amateurishness that does not speed them even on such a goalless way.

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *October 28, 1940*

"'Tis of Thee,' Summer Theater Revue, Is Offered at Maxine Elliott's

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

SMALL jokes sound funnier in the summer time; little, tinkling tunes are gayer when the sound of wind in the trees softens them and the echoes of Broadway's cacophony are too faint for hearing. Nat Lichtman, producer of "'Tis of Thee," which opened Saturday evening at Maxine Elliott's Theater, is not the first aspiring manager who has been deceived by summer's blandishments into thinking he had something he didn't have.

Mr. Lichtman thought he had a sparkling intimate revue for Broadway. The jokes were funny last summer in Bushkill, Pa. The entirely humdrum music written by Alex North and Al Moss was all that could be desired for a little show got up to entertain the campers at Times Square Unity House in that no doubt sylvan setting. The campers were excited by the dancing of Esther Junger and the rest and the smoothly professional capers of Cappello and Beatrice undoubtedly appeared to be the big time stuff they almost are. Sam Locke's vague little sketches laid the customers on the grass and the peculiar monologues of George Lloyd resulted in pleasant shivers.

The nights and the enthusiasms are cooler now. Set up at Maxine Elliott's, which is at least on the verge of Broadway, "'Tis of Thee" doesn't seem like much. Cappello and Beatrice are all right, still. Virginia Burke and Arno Tanney sing pleasantly, and Mervyn Nelson and Sherle Hartt parody with a certain style. Miss Hartt, indeed, may have something. But there is no point in the show. Rumors that it might have some of the pungency of "Pins and Needles" may be disregarded. "'Tis of Thee" is without pungency of any kind.

It reveals, merely, a troupe of not especially gifted young people trying mightily hard. There is more pathos than entertainment in the spectacle. There is always much pathos in the ineffectual.

Reprinted from NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, *October 28, 1940*

Mistake

By RICHARD WATTS, JR.

AN UNFORTUNATE little revue, which shouldn't have been permitted to brave the rigors of a Broadway existence, arrived at Maxine Elliott's Theater Saturday night. This ill-advised venture is called "'Tis of Thee" and apparently it had its ardent admirers when it was presented in one of the Pennsylvania rural playhouses last summer. Instead of allowing it to remain among their pleasant August memories, some of its enthusiasts were misguided enough to hope it might turn out to be another "Pins and Needles" or thereabouts. The result is that a number of earnest and well intentioned young people must this morning be told by the reviewers what their friends should have told them before it was too late. Their show is hopelessly inept.

* * *

Only once or twice does "'Tis of Thee" show any signs of life. There is a pantomimic number satirizing old vaudeville acts that manages to be amusing. A dance team called Capello and Beatrice is expert and talented. A song which bears the title of the revue succeeds in being modestly effective. For the rest of the time, though, this new show is filled with dull and futile numbers done without any particular skill. The chief trouble with "'Tis of Thee" is that it is neither charmingly amateur nor skillfully professional. "Pins and Needles" managed to capture just enough of both qualities, which is among the chief reasons for its great and justifiable success. The new revue suffers dismally from its lack of either charm or skill.

* * *

There certainly is no reason for being harsh to this earnest endeavor. Every one concerned strives with a diligence which should, in an ideal world, bring triumphant results. But there is one painful young man who really should be spoken to severely. It is his fine conceit to impersonate a madman who hangs himself with a piece of string and later to emerge as an uncured psychopathic case, and, although some members of the first-night audience seemed to regard him with approval, it is my grim conviction that he is the most annoying performer of the season. The rest of them should merely be informed that good intentions are not enough for Broadway triumph.

"'Tis of Thee"

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *October 28, 1940*

"'Tis of Thee," a Revue From Forest Park, Pa., Has Broadway Fling

"'Tis of Thee," musical revue; lyrics and sketches by Alfred Hayes and Sam Locke; music by Alex North and Sam Moss. Produced by Nat Lichtman at Maxine Elliott's theatre, New York, Oct. 26, 1940.

★ ★

By BURNS MANTLE

SOME time after 10 o'clock Saturday night, at Maxine Elliott's theatre, a sturdy gentleman billed as Cappello lifted a slight and graceful lady billed as Beatrice, off the stage, and also off her feet, and whirled her recklessly about his head.

It was the only exciting thing that had happened all evening and the audience—gathered to welcome the musical revue, of which the act is a part, a little number called "'Tis of Thee," broke into applause.

Mr. Cappello came before the curtain, prepared to accent his reward, but the operator of the spotlight was as inattentive as a soda clerk at the moment and Mr. Cappello fidgeted nervously in the shadow.

"Give me the lights!" called Mr. Cappello with some spirit, and shortly the spot operator obliged. Whereupon Cappello and Beatrice took their bows and departed. Their evening was finished, and so far as their auditor is concerned, so was the show.

"'Tis of Thee" is one of those semi-professional revues that may have looked awfully good in Forest Park, Pa., in August but seemed pretty terrible on Broadway, New York, in late October.

It isn't that the singers, dancers and actors engaged are devoid of talent. Several are quite gifted in a small way. Take them one by one and sandwich them into a really good program and most of them would pass.

But bunch them together, and give them an evening to fill, and they become distressingly uninteresting within an hour.

Esther Junger has staged several lively dances. Mervyn Nelson serves adequately as a radio announcer. Laura Duncan sings, Jane Hoffman does characters, and, best of all, as noted, Mr. Cappello tosses Miss Beatrice about most excitingly.

'TIS OF THEE'

An intimate revue in two acts; lyrics by Alfred Hayes; music by Alex North and Al Moss; sketches by Sam Locke; choreography by Esther Junger; additional music and lyrics by David Greggory, Peter Barry and Richard Lewine; settings by Carl Kent. Conceived, directed and produced at Maxine Elliott's Theater on October 26, 1940, by Nat Lichtman. In the cast are Mervyn Nelson, Sherle Hartt, Esther Junger, Jerry Munson, Jane Hoffmen, Van Kirk, Virginia Burke, George Lloyd, Laura Duncan, Cappello and Beatrice and others.

Reprinted from
NEW YORK TIMES
October 28, 1940

Country Frolic

By BROOKS ATKINSON

SOME young people were laboring hopefully over a miniature revue, "'Tis of Thee," at Maxine Elliott's on Saturday evening. In a general way it was the product of a Summer's work at Bushkill, Pa., under Nat Lichtman's supervision. Although it may have seemed brightly impish on Saturday nights in Bushkill, it seems amateurish on Broadway. For the company is generally untalented, and most of the material is poor. Some exceptions may be made for the singing of Laura Duncan, for Alex North's music of "'Tis of Thee" and Elsie Peters's cleverly orchestrated song, "The Lady." Capello and Beatrice, who are hardly Bushkillers, interpolate a skillful piece of routine dancing; and George Lloyd, who is no Bushkiller either, contributes turns in neurasthenia that would be fascinating in a labor story.

On the whole, "'Tis of Thee" should have been boarded up with the resort buildings in Bushkill before the temperature went down and playgoing standards went up.

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *October 28, 1940*

'Tis of Thee, 'Intimate' Revue, Has Premiere

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

'TIS OF THEE, described as an intimate revue by Nat Lichtman, who sponsored it Saturday night at the Maxine Elliott Theater, turns out to be a collection of mediocre dance numbers, odds and ends of summer musical shows and some of the most boring sketches ever conceived outside of a sewing circle charade party.

The sketches were, for the most part, the labor of Sam Locke. And when I say labor, I mean labor. Undoubtedly there is humor in Hollywood, and in John Anthony's good will hour on the radio, and in a playboy's etchings, and in Life Magazine, and in a man trying to get to South Brooklyn, but although Mr. Locke went to all these fruitful sources for his material, he failed signally to find any. Nor did his actors look very hard for it either.

* * *

The revue is manned by a troupe of well-intentioned but sadly misguided youngsters, many of whom were seen in nearby vacation resorts during the summer in the acts which Mr. Lichtman assembled for Broadway. The choreography was by Esther Junger, who was also the premiere ballerina of the little company. Miss Junger's excessive mugging and posturing was so hypnotizing as to distract the mind completely from her dancing, and as a result it is impossible to say whether she actually dances or merely capers.

There were occasional moments of relief, however, from the general atmosphere of dullness. One was when George Lloyd, a young man of agreeable manner, stage presence and considerable acting ability, did a number called What's Mine Is Thine, to music by Al Moss and lyrics by Alfred Hayes. Laura Duncan's contralto voice was also heard to advantage in another Hayes-Moss song, After Tonight. Mr. Lloyd, again, did two of his own character sketches, one of which—String—is very good indeed, and the other—Nerve Center—is a piece of admirable acting wasted on a monologue in exceedingly bad taste.

* * *

Hawaiian Ritual, with Jerry Munson as a Zombie-drinking chieftain, was also an amusing interlude, thanks to some clever lyrics by David Greggory and good music by Mr. Moss again.

One of the best moments of the entire evening came with a sketch in pantomime by Mervyn Nelson and Sherle Hartt called Who Killed Vaudeville. The real hit of the show, however, was a narrative song entitled The Lady, for which Mr. Hayes wrote the lyrics and Elsie Peters the music. This, as sung by Virginia Burke and Arno Tanny, would be worthy of inclusion in a Broadway revue.

The production as a whole was nevertheless one of those pathetic theatrical orphans that never should have been brought to the big, heartless city.

"Cabin in the Sky"

Ethel Waters, 'Cabin in the Sky' Are a Hit at the Martin Beck

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *October 26, 1940*

"Cabin in the Sky," musical fantasy by Lynn Root; lyrics by John Latouche; music by Vernon Duke. Produced by Albert Lewis, in association with Vinton Freedley at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, Oct. 25, 1940.

★ ★ ★

By BURNS MANTLE

THIS "Cabin in the Sky" at the Martin Beck Theatre is what the boys call a natural. They've put The Lawd's General (Todd Duncan), a melodious angel in white (with medals) fighting Lucifer Jr., (Rex Ingram), a jolly devil in red and black, to see which of them can make Ethel Waters happiest as the star of the evening.

Sounds a trifle screwy, and that is what was intended.

Reasonably the Lawd's General has the better of the sentiment and Lucifer Jr. inspires the most exciting entertainment. But by the time they get Ethel and her Little Joe, a gamblin' man who done her wrong, to the pearly gates the Lawd's General wins with a couple of white nightgowns and a Jacob's ladder.

Lucifer Jr. is sent back to hell to sizzle and ruminate on the ways of men and maids in musical comedy, when they start "slipping thrills to the godly," as Channing Pollock used to say.

Effective Compromise

It wouldn't have been easy to have extracted a success from a musical fantasy with songs, the wiggling Katherine Dunham and a couple of Egyptian ballets from Harlem, without Miss Waters.

Even as it is, it hasn't been easy to effect a kind of compromise between Miss Waters' dramatic success in "Mamba's Daughters" of last year and her current promoters' belief that, by contrast, she should "get hot" this year.

But some way the thing is managed. "Cabin in the Sky" was a roaring success up to 10:30 o'clock last night. After that, as it got out of Harlem and started heavenward, it lost pace and substance, and the finish was a little weakly reminiscent of Paul Robeson's "John Henry" of last season.

Ethel Waters, the artist, is the lady who pulls "Cabin in the Sky" together and holds it together. She makes its naive fantasy seem worth playing by the perfection of her own simple art. She sings its better songs with skill and that warming natural voice that is nothing if not beguiling.

When they toss her into the center of a Harlem dance hall she loses something of the stage prestige she has won with worthier material, but she still is agreeably in command of the evening.

Show Stopping

She halted proceedings twice, once with a familiar but effective Vernon Duke melody, "Taking a Chance on Love," and again with a lightly caricatured dance in night club character. It is she, I think, who will be drawing crowds to the theatre the next several months.

The Waters support is especially good. Rex Ingram plays the optimistic Lucifer with gusto and a proper satanic effect. Todd Duncan manages to keep the Lawd's General from becoming stuffy. Dooley Wilson is a fine Little Joe, human and weak and likable.

Katherine Dunham is a Harlem siren with all the trimmings. She, too, was a show stopper, with a lively male dancing chorus back of her. The Johnson choir sang beautifully as usual.

The settings, and costumes, by Boris Aronson, are imaginative and interesting. The dance numbers are properly wild, sometimes a trifle orgiastic, in George Balanchine's best Egyptian ballet manner. There was a good deal of applause last night.

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *October 26, 1940*

Ethel Waters Heads Players of 'Cabin in the Sky,' a Musical Fantasy With a Negro Cast

By BROOKS ATKINSON

PERPHAPS "Cabin in the Sky" could be better than it is, but this correspondent cannot imagine how. For the musical fantasy, which opened at the Martin Beck last evening, is original and joyous in an imaginative vein that suits the theatre's special genius. Lynn Root began it by writing an extraordinarily fresh book about heaven, hell and the common earth where black people work out their destiny. By great good fortune every one associated with him has met him on equal terms. For it would be difficult to prove that the book is happier in style than George Balanchine's lyrical direction or the excellent performance by a singularly well-chosen Negro cast.

* * *

Ethel Waters has been essential to happiness in the theatre for some time. But she has never given a performance as rich as this before. She is cast as Petunia, faithful wife of an ingratiating rascal who has the greatest difficulty in walking the narrow path to heaven. Without once stepping out of character or assuming the airs of a star performer, Miss Waters captures all the innocence and humor of a story-book character, investing it also with that rangy warmth of spirit that distinguishes her acting. At the present moment, this theatregoer imagines that he has never heard a song better sung than "Taking a Chance on Love," music by Vernon Duke, lyrics by John Latouche and voice and acting by Ethel Waters. She stood that song on its head last evening and ought to receive a Congressional medal by way of reward.

* * *

According to Mr. Root's darktown fable, heaven and hell are uncommonly aroused over the fate of "Little Joe" Jackson. By strict accounting he ought to go below, for he has been running around with a flighty baggage, shooting craps and behaving outrageously. But he is a likable wastrel, and Petunia, his wife, is highly regarded in heaven. Chiefly out of respect for her, "Little Joe" has a second chance to acquire virtue on earth. Since Dooley Wilson plays the part of "Little Joe" with a kind of discouraged bewilderment and since Katherine Dunham plays the baggage at a blistering temperature, the triangular frolic is comic, disarming and incendiary by turns and "Cabin in the Sky" ranks with the best work on the American musical stage.

* * *

Negroes can act with abandon and with infectious enjoyment when the occasion is right. Rex Ingram, for example, has a gleaming magnetism that stretches the seams of any part he plays. As a parson and leader of the chorus, J. Rosamond Johnson has a beat and a wholesomeness that shake a show into vigorous shape. George Balanchine is artist enough to appreciate the gusto of the people he is working with in this performance. Musical shows seldom acquire dancing such as he has directed here—motion in many lines set on fire with excitement. If the rules of Equity permitted, probably the dancers in "Cabin in the Sky" would be glad to pay Mr. Balanchine something for the privilege of appearing under his direction, for he has released them from the bondage of hack dancing and ugliness.

* * *

As a matter of fact, the joy of creative work shines out of all the corners of Mr. Root's fantastic cabin. Vernon Duke has written racy music in several veins from song hits to boogie-woogie orgies. Mr. Latouche has composed crisp and jaunty lyrics. As scene and costume designer, Boris Aronson has done his finest work, giving to pure imagination many vivid shapes and flaring colors. Put "Cabin in the Sky" down as a labor of love by a group of theatre people who have enjoyed working on something that is bursting with life. Mr. Beck will need plenty of fire insurance as long as "Cabin in the Sky" remains at his theatre.

"Cabin in the Sky"

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *October 26, 1940*

'Cabin in the Sky,' With Ethel Waters, Is Offered at the Martin Beck

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

A GOOD bit of imagination and a lot of music have been poured into "Cabin in the Sky," which opened at the Martin Beck Theater last evening. And Miss Ethel Waters has also been poured into it, making a pleasant show a joyful one. Miss Waters sings this time; sings almost constantly, abandoning herself to the music as she and not many others can and rounding her startled eyes and permitting remarkable expressions to cross her brown, oddly childlike face.

At intervals, and they are the best, "Cabin in the Sky" catches in its book some of the engaging originality of its star. It ventures into fantasy, prances out into Broadway, mingles virtually all possible moods into a slightly indescribable melange. It is frequently funny in a wide-eyed way, now and then sufficiently orgiastic in the fashion of Negro dancing shows, brash and oddly gentle at practically one and the same time. When the brown girls and boys are not tying themselves in knots, the play deals with the very moot question of Little Joe Jackson's ultimate destination.

Little Joe has led a rowdy life and is departing it, considerably slashed up by a razor, when the question of his soul arises. Petunia is his wife and she prays for Joe. Lucifer Jr., Satan's heir and operations officer, leaps onto the stage with attending imps to take Joe along. But Petunia's prayers are heard, heavenly hosts arrive and Joe gets another chance. He is allowed six months to try it again, while Lucifer and the Lawd's General struggle over him. Lucifer, pondering the matter with his idea men in a refrigerated section of hell, has a fine notion and it almost works. But Petunia is too much for the devil in the end and Joe, although never at his best against temptation, wriggles through.

Lynn Root, who wrote the book, may have had "Green Pastures" far back in a corner of his mind. "Cabin in the Sky" didn't turn out that way, particularly, although now and then it has a comic innocence which a little echoes the Negro classic. Its best humor has something of the same quality. But its songs, which have lyrics by John Latouche and music by Vernon Duke, and the dancing are nothing more serious, and nothing less entertaining, than lively musical comedy. Miss Waters sings the best of the songs, often with the J. Rosamond Johnson singers behind her. She sings "Taking a Chance on Love," "Cabin in the Sky," "My Old Virginia Home on the Nile" and "Love Turns the Light Out," among others. I won't try to tell you how well she sings them. Either you know, or there isn't space enough here.

Dooley Wilson is richly funny, in a baffled way, as Little Joe and Rex Ingram is a very jolly devil. Todd Duncan, Katherine Dunham and Mr. Johnson himself are among the others in the animated cast and Miss Dunham's dancers are something to watch.

The play slips a little into routine toward the end, when the authors fall back on a cafe scene and require Miss Waters to leap out of character, and some of the shifts of mood are almost alarmingly sudden. But by and large it is imaginative and gay and at its best it has a special quality of its own. It also has Miss Waters and she has never been more engaging.

'CABIN IN THE SKY'

A musical play in two acts; book by Lynn Root; lyrics by John Latouche; music by Vernon Duke; staged by George Balanchine; settings and costumes by Boris Aronson; dialogue directed by Albert Lewis. Presented at the Martin Beck Theater on October 25, 1940, by Mr. Lewis in association with Vinton Freedley. The cast:

Georgia Brown	Katherine Dunham
Mr. Jones	Louis Sharp
Brother Green	J. Rosamond Johnson
Lily	Georgia Burke
Petunia Jackson	Ethel Waters
Lucifer Jr.	Rex Ingram
Little Joe Jackson	Dooley Wilson
Imps	Archie Savage, Jieno Moxzer, Rajah Chardieno, Alexander McDonald
The Lawd's General	Todd Duncan
Fleetfoot	Milton Williams
John Henry	J. Louis Johnson
Dude	Al Moore
First Henchman	Earl Sydnor
Second Henchman	Earl Edwards
Third Henchman	Maurice Ellis
Devil's Messenger	Al Stokes
Messenger Boy	Wilson Bradley
Domino Johnson	Dick Campbell

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *October 26, 1940*

Ethel Waters Back In Musical Fantasy

Cabin in the Sky Performed by Excellent All-Negro Cast

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

ETHEL WATERS returned to her native element, musical comedy, last night, after her triumph of two years ago in the legitimate drama, and without in the least decrying her magnificent work in Mamba's Daughters, it is good to hear her lift her voice in song once more.

Her new vehicle, a fantasy in primitive terms and written in high good humor, is called Cabin in the Sky. Played exuberantly by an all-Negro cast of excellent singers and dancers, it relates the epic struggle between Lucifer and the Archangels for possession of the soul of a weak and very human crap-shooter. It has some—but not too much—of the atmosphere of The Green Pastures in its book, and it boasts two songs, among others, that are likely to stand at the top in all popularity lists far, far into the winter.

George Balanchine, the eminent choreographer, not only arranged the dancing, which is on the swing side, but directed the entire production. As a result, it is fast moving, well paced and so simply acted that it provides one of the most cheerful evenings it is possible to have on Broadway.

Vernon Duke's music is well adapted to this type of show. Its rhythms are not imported entirely from the Caribbean nor from South America, although many of them have the rapid and syncopated drum beats that seem so essential in popular modern music. Some of them, and I think the best of them, are simple melodies, plaintively sung and some of them are spirituals.

The humor of Cabin in the Sky, as I said, is primitive, and neither in the book (by Lynn Root) nor the lyric (by John La Touche) is there any attempt to crowd the action with oversophisticated dialogue. Mr. Root's fantasy introduces a red devil, horns and all, in the person of Rex Ingram, who is opposed by a magnificent Lawd's General, in the gaudiest uniform that has been worn since The Emperor Jones, played by Todd Duncan. These antagonists contend for the soul of Little Joe Jackson, a miserable sinner who not only enjoys the galloping dominoes, but who chases after wenches. With the aid of Little Joe's wife, Petunia, the Lawd's General wins the battle.

Miss Waters plays Petunia with infectious jollity. She not only sings, in her inimitable manner, but she throws her not inconsiderable weight into rhumbas and jitterbug numbers with all the agility of a mature Betty Hutton.

It is a fine cast that Producers Albert Lewis and Vinton Freedley obtained for this show. I particularly liked Todd Duncan's voice and acting, and Rex Ingram seemed thoroughly at home again after some years of wandering. Dooley Wilson, in his quiet way, proved an excellent comedian as the mortal who was the bone of contention between the heavenly forces.

Of the musical numbers, the melody that still remains after the curtain has fallen is Taking a Chance on Love, although the title song, Cabin in the Sky also has a catchy lilt to it. Dem Bones, as a novelty number, is also sure fire.

Katherine Dunham, representing the spirit of evil as Georgia Brown, leads most of the sippier dancing and proves to be a fiery little number.

Last night's audience enjoyed Cabin in the Sky heartily. Most of them went out humming Taking a Chance on Love. You will be taking no chances on anything by seeing it.